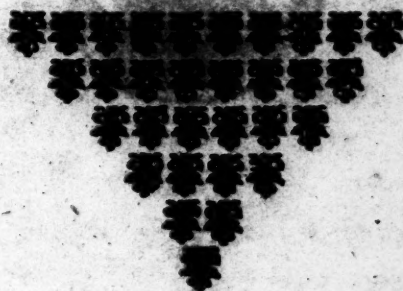


VANELLA.

A

TRAGEDY.

*Learn to be wise from others Harm,
And you shall do full well.*
- Old Ballad of the Lady's Fall.



L O N D O N:

Printed for D. Asbburn, near Fleetstreet.

M.DCC.XXXVI.

[Price 1 s.]

VAN ELLA.

A

TRAGEDY.

Learn to be true from other Harts,
And you shall no more fall.
Old Ballad of the Lady's Fall.



LONDON:

Printed for J. Johnson, near St. Paul's Church.

M.DCCCXXXVI.

Price 1s.



T O

Miss *ANODYNE*.

Madam,

I Beg Leave to inscribe this Tragedy to you on a double Account, and hope you will be its Patroness. The great Value I have for the *Fair Sex* in general, and the inexpressible Esteem for you in particular, is the first Motive that induced me to address my self to you; the Second, is, to caution you against the like unhappy Fate, that *Vanella* has met with.

Consider, Madam, that ye both have participated the Joys of Love, and with the same Person; she could not bear the Thoughts of being seperated from the Man, she loved, and therefore chose a lingring Death: But as there is nothing permanent under the Sun, let me advise you, dear Madam, to arm your self against the Hour of Seperation, and
be

D E D I C A T I O N.

be not surprized when you shall hear the News of a total Farewel. You have Youth and Beauty on your Side, and tho' you have Sacrificed your Virginity, yet you may find many Gentlemen who will gladly wed you, some for Interest, and others for Love, and make you for ever Happy: And that this may be your Lot, is the ardent and sincere Wish of,

Dear Madam,

your real Friend, and

most humble Servant.

PROLOGUE



P R O L O G U E.

WHAT rigid Fate attends the Love-
sick Fair,
When her Hope's bank'd, and she in deep Dis-
pair!
Frantick and raging thro' the House she flies,
And mourns the Loss of her dear lovely Prize:
Weary of Life, she often calls on Death,
And willingly resigns her latest Breath.
Such was Varella's Case, ye Nymphs beware,
Nor headlong run, but shun the fatal Snare:
Learning by her Example to be Wise,
Avoid the Tricks which artful Men devise, }
And seem not to be eager for the Prize. }
Till the Priest ties the Knot, with Patience
wait,
And thus you shall escape untimely Fate.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Adonis, Prince of *Utopia*.

Lord *Myrtle*, } *Utopian* Noblemen, attend-
Lord *Flatter*, } ing on the Prince.

Modish, A Rakish Officer, Confident to the Prince.

Sly, Footman to Lord *Myrtle*.

W O M E N.

Vanella, A young Lady of Quality formerly Favourite to *Adonis*.

Fidelia, her Friend, and Confident.

Lady *Myrtle*, Wife to Lord *Myrtle*.

Miss *Anodyne*, One of the Prince's Favourites.

Charlot, Woman to Lady *Myrtle*.

Alicia, formerly Servant to Lord *Myrtle*, but turn'd away thro' Jealousy, and debauch'd by her Lord.

Lucy, Maid to Miss *Anodyne*.

SCENE *Augusta*, the Capital of *Utopia*,
and the Baths thereunto adjoining.

VANELLA.



V A N E L L A.

T R A G E D Y.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

The Palace Garden.

Enter Adonis, Lord Flatter, and Modish.

Adon. **W**ELL, my good Lord *Flat-*
ter, you may harangue as
 long as you please, in praise
 of Variety, and Wenching,
 but, for my Part, I have had a great deal of
 Experience that way, and with such Ladies as
 have been far from contemptible, as is very
 well known, and I can't help being of Opi-
 nion, that all Women are much the same,
 after a Month's Enjoyment; and that all the
 Pleasure of Roving, is but the mere Whim
 of a vitiated Taste.

L. *Flat*. What do I hear! Is this the gay, the wild, the great *Adonis*? that all-conquering Prince, who makes all Women fall before him, and never yet was unsuccessful! Sure your Highness is but in Jest; or else you have lately had some Love Quarrel with Miss *Anodyne*, that has sower'd your Temper for the present; if so, leave Mr. *Modish* to make it up for you; never fear, it will be soon done; and, if not, there is fresh Game enough, your Highness need not question succeeding; what say you, Captain?

[To *Modish*.

Mod. No, faith, my Lord, thanks to the Masquerades, Ridotto's, and Assemblies, there are kind-hearted pretty Creatures enough, and those among the People of the first Rank; wherefore his Highness need not despair, if he has a Mind for a new Bit; but by what I can find by his Discourse, he has either taken a Surfeit from too much Plenty, or has not found any one who has given him Trouble in the Pursuit to make him value the Conquest; wherefore his Highness must abstain a little while, and be dieted, after which we must start him some nobler Game, whom he may not find it quite so easy to hunt down?

L. *Flat*. Egad, *Modish*, thou art an admirable Fellow, and I believe thou hast hit as right, as the most learned Member of the College cou'd have done; but methinks our Heir apparent is silent upon the Point, his Highness

Highness does not seem to relish our Discourse.

Adon. Why, faith, Lord *Flatter*, I must confess I don't think there is much in what either of you have said; your imagining I have quarrell'd with Miss *Anodyne*, is ill-grounded; and, if it were otherwise, I shou'd not want the Captain's Interposition to make it up; and as for your saying there is fresh Game enough, I know it, but none, I am afraid, but what will prove the same as the rest of their Sex, after less than a Month's Enjoyment. Then, as to what *Modish* alledges, that I have surfeited, I see no Reason for that Allegation; since we commonly take an Antipathy to whatever we have surfeited of, but I have no Aversion to any of my *quondam* Mistresses, but can chat away an Hour with them very well. And as for what he says, that they have not given Trouble enough in the Pursuit, with Submission to his greater Experience, I think I have had of all Ranks; and I don't fancy I should meet with much more Trouble from any others. Besides, I am of a pretty indolent Temper; I never was any great Lover of Fatigue, and don't imagine that wou'd enhance the Pleasure.

L. Flat. O, I must beg your Highness's Pardon for that, we certainly value those Things most, which cost us the most Pains in the acquiring.

Mod. Right, my Lord, it wou'd distaste the keenest Sportsman in the World, to see the
Game

Game run into the Mouth of the Hounds; a little Toil in the Pursuit certainly adds to the Appetite, and gives the Quarry a better Relish.

Adon. There is a wide Difference, good Captain, between the Game's running into the Mouth of the Hounds, and giving one a reasonable Pleasure in the Pursuit; so that you very much mistake my Meaning, I only said I never was any great Lover of Fatigue, not that I did not love a little Sport.

Mod. Well, my Lord, call it by what Name you please, so that you don't entirely forsake the Sport, which is what I apprehended from your Highness's Discourse at first.

Adon. Again, *Modish*, thou art egregiously mistaken; I only said that all Women are much the same after a Month's Enjoyment; I mean all our Raptures and Ardours are gone, and Possession grows insipid; wherefore I begin to think they are not worth the Pains we take in the Pursuit, and in the Mind I am in, shall hardly endeavour to add any more to the Number of my Conquests, unless some stronger Incentive than any I have lately met with should happen in my Way.

Mod. Alas! poor *Modish*, if the Prince should hold in that Humour, he will no longer have any Occasion for thy Service; but I hope Nature will play her Part, and I am sure I won't be wanting in mine. [*Aside.*]

What

What does your Lordship think of this strange Resolution of his Highness's?

L. Flat. Think; why I think it is nothing but the Hyp, whatever has put his Highness into it, and that a Bottle or two will put it quite out of his Head; at least I hope so.

Adon. Why should your Lordship hope so? Of what Service would it be to you?

L. Flat. Because I should then again see the gay, the young, the sprightly *Adonis*, the very Life and Soul of Love and Gallantry.

Adon. Faith, my Lord, methinks all your Love and Gallantry is much the same, and the same over again, and I begin to grow weary of it. But see, here comes Lord *Myrtle*.

Enter Lord Myrtle.

L. Myr. May it please your Highness, the Coaches and Horses are all ready, according to Order; and the Princesses are just dress'd, and upon the wing, with all their Retinue; so that they only wait your Highness's Motion.

Adon. I shall come immediately, Lord *Myrtle*. [*Exit L. Myrt.*] Here you have both been crying up Variety, and preaching in praise of Gallantry, as you call Intriguing, and I think this Lord *Myrtle* is the strongest Argument imaginable against it. Shew me a Wencher about Court who is so happy as his Lordship in Possession of his lovely Countess.

Mod.

Mod. This goes as I could wish it. [*Aside.*] I would not have your Highness go altogether by Appearances, you may be deceived. 'Tis true the Countess is the handsomest Lady about Court, and I believe virtuous as yet, because she has not yet been try'd with a Lover she has thought worthy of her; wherefore, if there were no Charms in Variety, his Lordship ought to think himself happy in the sole Possession of her, and is inexcusable if he goes astray. But what will your Highness say if the Countess is intolerable jealous of his Lordship, not without Reason, and of who pray? Why of an awkward Country Girl whom she lately took into her Family for an Under-Servant?

Adon. Pish, it can never be; his Lordship has more Pride; and besides that, he has a better Taste.

Mod. Your Highness may think as you please, but either my Intelligence fails me very much, which I believe it does not, or it is Matter of Fact; and the Countess, who values herself not a little upon her Beauty, is vastly uneasy at it, to that Degree that she has not only turn'd the Wench away just now, but it is thought by those that know her Pride, which is extreamly mortified thereby, that if a Lover to her Taste were to strike in just in the Nick, she would cuckold her Lord, out of mere Resentment. Now, what says your Highness against Variety?

Adon.

Adon. Say! why if thy Intelligence were true, I could find in my Heart to try my Fortune once more; she's a glorious Girl, and well worth while; but I always thought it would have been to no purpose to attempt her; and I don't love to lose Labour.

Mod. Now is your Highness's Time to put her to it, and depend upon it she yields, for my Intelligence never yet deceiv'd me.

Adon. I'll about it as soon as I return from taking the Air: Do you attend me about that Time, and acquaint me with all the Particulars. *Lord Flatter,* you go with us.

Mod. I shall an't please your Highness. *Victoria, Victoria.* [Exeunt severally.]

S C E N E II.

A magnificent Apartment.

Enter Vanella and Fidelity.

Van. In vain, my dear *Fidelia*, do you give me false Hopes to comfort me, which proceed more from a friendly Design to sooth my Grief, than from your real Thoughts: I must never more expect to embrace my Rover; never more hold him in these long-ing Arms; no, I must never flatter myself with such a pleasing Dream; he is irreclama-ble, and gone from me for ever.

Fid. I am not of your Opinion, Madam, you see he often writes to you with the greatest Tenderness; always enquires after your Welfare of those that come hence, and never mentions

mentions you but with the utmost Respect. I wou'd advise you therefore, to endeavour to recover your Health, that you may return soon to Town, shine again in the Circle, and eclipse the Charms of those who dare venture to dispute him with you.

Van. Vain Hopes! You see he forsook me even whilst I was there, and all for an awkward Country Slut, Daughter of a Country Quack; and I don't at all doubt but he has had twenty more since, though my Friends, in Pity to me, conceal it from me.

Fid. Upon that very Thing I ground my Hopes; for if I was to see him stick to one, I shou'd indeed believe him utterly lost; but as he roves from Fair to Fair, and can never meet any one to compare with you, he will soon grow weary of them all, and his own good Sense will bring him back to you, whose superior Wit and Beauty are alone worthy of him. Wherefore, once more, dear Madam, shake off all Melancholy, and endeavour to retrieve your Health and Strength.

Van. Well, my dear Friend, I will try to follow your Advice, since I find, to my Sorrow, I am not able to follow that which is most prudent; that is, never to think more on the false Deceiver, but repay his Inconstancy with Contempt and Disdain.

Fid. That would indeed be the most prudent way, were you but Mistress of so much Resolution; you know I have often advised you to it; and indeed I can't help wondering,

ing, considering your noble Extractions, and the Pride you ought to have answerable to it, that you have not yet been able to summons it to your Assistance on this Occasion. But you was made for a poor tame Household Dove, without Gall; and would have done very well to have been a Shepherdess, in those Times, when every Swain was faithful to his Nymph, and Love triumphant reign'd throughout the Plains.

Van. [*Sighs.*] The harder sure my Lot, to have my boundless Stock of Tenderness mis-plac'd, and thrown away upon a thankless Man, who does not know its Value, wou'd it were to do again! But why do I say so? Again, too sure, *Adonis* would deceive me, and I again by him should be abandon'd.

Fid. Truce with your Tears, dear Madam, you break your Word already; you promised to try to shake off Melancholy, and you, instead of that, indulge it all you can. But, come, we'll take a Turn upon the Walks, perhaps we something there may meet to amuse you.

Van. I wish we may, but much I fear the contrary; besides, I don't admire those publick Places; however, do with me just as you please.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Lord Myrtle and Sly:

L. Myr. Well, *Sly*, have you follow'd my Orders to a Tittle? Have you dogg'd the Coach?

Coach? Have you spoken to *Alicia*? And have you taken her Lodgings at the Place where I directed you? Answer me all these in a Breath.

Sly. The Deuce must be in me if I do, but as far as I can, one after another, I will answer your Lordship methodically.

L. Myr. Begin then quickly, good Mr. *Methodical*.

Sly. First, I have followed your Lordship's Orders to a Tittle: Secondly, I have dogg'd the Coach: Thirdly, I have spoken to *Alicia*: Fourthly, I have taken her Lodgings at the Place where your Lordship directed me: And Fifthly, which your Lordship did not ask, she longs to see your Lordship, she says, for she has Abundance to tell you.

L. Myr. Poor Thing! call me a Coach, and take care to give the Coachman right Directions, I'll go to her forthwith: In the mean while, do you stay behind, and see that no Body follows the Coach; if they do, give me Notice.

Sly. Your Lordship shall be punctually obey'd.

L. Myr. Well said, True and Trusty; there's something for your Encouragement. [*Giving him Gold.*]

Sly. I fly to serve your Lordship.

[*Exit Sly.*]

L. Myr. Well, what am I to think of the Intrigue I am going to engage in? It may happen to be attended with troublesome Consequences

sequences every Way : My Lady has already some Suspicion of it, by her turning the Wench away so abruptly, and her Jealousy will make her more quick-sighted then ever : However, hang it, Suspicion is no Proof, and I can forswear it heartily, thank my Stars. But the Wench may prove with Child, and that will be Demonstration. But then I can provide for her Lying-in privately, and give a Sum of Money with the Brate, so there's an End of the Matter. But then it is barbarous to debauch a poor innocent Country Girl, and then turn her adrift : What then? the Wench is handsome, and I shall put a good Trade in her Belly, so she can't want : Besides, she may meet with some Fool to fall in Love with her, and marry her, for she'll soon learn Wit and Cunning in this Town : So now I think all my Scruples are fairly answer'd.

Re-enter Sly.

Sly. May it please your Lordship the Coach waits at the Door.

L. Myr. I come ; besure remember what I ordered you.

Sly. I shall, my Lord, without fail.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *A Bagnio.*

Enter Lord Myrtle, with Alicia.

L. Myr. Poor Girl ! and so you have gone thro' the Lard knows what, since I parted with you.

Alic.

Alic. Yes indeed have I, my Lord; I am sure I was almost scared out of my Wits: I would have given my Life for a Farthing; I was never so serv'd before in all my born Days.

L. Myr. Why how came this unlucky Discovery? Sure you was not Fool enough to tell yourself, was you?

Alic. No indeed, my Lord, it was along with that ugly *Irish* Devil that came in, and saw your Lordship towzing on me, and the Guinea that was unfortunately left upon the Table for me, because I would not take it.

L. Myr. Aye, that was a suspicious Circumstance; but you should have said I had left it there by Mistake, and forgot it.

Alic. So I did, my Lord, and the impudent *Irish* Witch took it up, and put it in her own Pocket; but for all that she was not satisfied, but must tell my Lady all.

L. Myr. Poor Lass! I pity thee, and shall find a Time to be revenged of her *Irish* Impudence: But what said my Wife?

Alic. She examined me very strictly whether your Lordship had not had your Will of me; and on my assuring her you had not, she call'd me impudent Slut, and bid me pack up my Things and begone; but not before her Ladyship, with the Assistance of her malicious *Teague*, and two or three Maids, had laid me down upon a Bed, and examined me with as much Curiosity as a Jury of Matrons, to see whether your Lordship had not robb'd

robb'd me of my Virginity. I am sure I had a fine Time amongst them all; I cou'd neither stir Hand nor Foot to help myself, nor some of them should have paid for it. *blow*

L. Myr. Ha, ha, ha! I can't help Laughing! I am ready to burst at the Fancy of it. Methinks I would have given fifty Guineas to have been in a Corner, and have seen her wise Ladyship making her inspection, and passing her Judgment. Poor Lass! thou hadst but a scurvy Time of it, that is the Truth on't; but here is something to make thee Amends for it. *[Giving her a Purse of Gold.]*

Alic. Which way, my Lord, shall I repay this Generosity?

L. Myr. Never trouble yourself about that, I never desire it, neither is that all I will do for you, so you are but a good Girl.

Alic. You may depend on it, my Lord, I will study to deserve this Goodness.

L. Myr. That's kindly said, Wench, I am glad to find you grateful; come hither and kiss me, you little Slut you.

Alic. O fye, my Lord, that would be too impudent.

L. Myr. Come hither, *[Pulling her.]* you Fool you: *[Kissing her.]* Egad the kisses like a Cherubim; another, you Jade you *[Kissing her again.]* Egad you have set me all on fire. Come, undress, and let us to Bed quickly, my Charmer; I am impatient till I enjoy you, and make you mine for ever.

Alic.

Alic. O, my dear Lord, can't you be contented unless you ruin me entirely; have not I already suffer'd enough for you? What would become of me, should you forsake me after you have had your Ends?

L. Myr. Away with your Fears, you Fool you! I will make a Woman of you, and provide for you for ever.

Alic. But will your Lordship love me, and never forsake me? For your Love to me is above every Thing else.

L. Myr. Poor loving Dear, I never will forsake you, so give a Loose to Joy, and banish all vain Tears.

Alic. Why then, my Lord, do with me as you please, I can refuse you nothing; and if your Lordship keeps your Word, no Mortal is so blest as your *Alicia*; I shall not envy my Lady all her Splendour and Equipage.

L. Myr. No more thou needst not, my Dearest, thou shalt live as happy as she; but we loose Time, my Love, to Bed, to Bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Lady Myrtle, and Charlot.

L. Myr. Was ever any Woman so unfortunate as me? To be left for a poor, raw Country Wench, that I took in to do my Drudgery. It was but Yesterday I turn'd the Quean away, and that very Night my good faithful Lord, leaves my widow'd Bed to hunt out

out for the Strumpet. What do I say, to hunt out? Doubtless they were prepared against all Accidents, and it was agreed, in case of a Discovery, whether the Confident Slut should go. O, I cou'd tear my Flesh, to think of being scorn'd for a dirty Chambermaid! I warrant he has taken Lodgings for her by this Time, and the next Thing I shall hear will be that he keeps her publicly. Wou'd I knew where they were!

Char. Indeed, my Lady, I can't say but it is very provoking; but were all true as your Ladyship suspects, I think you wou'd be in the wrong to give your self any great Uneasiness about it. Were I in your Ladyship's Place, I wou'd be above vexing, and despise them both; for, as she was so much beneath me, and his Lordship, as he had such a mean scandalous Taste. Besides, if your Ladyship will but have a little Patience, you will have ample Revenge of her, without giving your self any Trouble, my Lord will forsake her in three or four Days Time, and then she will be turn'd out upon the Common, and be more miserable than even your Ladyship wou'd wish her.

L. Myr. O, *Charlot!* 'tis not to be borne; what virtuous Wife can bear to be forsaken and abandon'd? And for who? Why truly, for a dirty Chambermaid? How often has the faithless Man sworn, no one could match my Charms! Are they than so much decay'd of late, that I should be left for a raw Coun-

D

try

try Girl, who has nothing to recommend her but a little White and Red? Curse on his vicious Taste! Bring me the Gläs—Here, *Charlot* [*Charlot brings it*] Let me see whether I am so much altered to be despised at this Rate! Have these Eyes lost their Fire? These Cheeks their Colour? Or this Neck its Whiteness? I think they have not, *Charlot*, what sayst thou?

Char. I think your Ladyship divinely charming; and wonder much my Lord should be so blind to your matchless Beauty, to leave your Arms to revel with an *Ethiop*; for *Alicia*, compar'd with you, is little better.

L. Myr. No Flattery, *Charlot*! You really think than my Eyes may still do Execution!

Char. Undoubtedly, Madam, your Ladyship never look'd better.

L. Myr. My faithless Lord may find so than too soon, to his Cost, should he too far provoke me. I should be very loth to be too far tempted, should my Husband repeat the Affront, by lying out another Night.

Char. Egad my Lady is in a pure Humour now to cuckold my Master, if some Folks did but know it; I believe a little Perswasion would do, she is so heartily nettled: Well, if she should, I could not blame her for it; so fine a Woman to be left for a poor Country Put! [*Aside.*]

L. Myr. What is that you are muttering, *Charlot*, to yourself?

Char.

Char. Faith, Madam, I was saying your Ladyship had sufficient Provocation, and you would not be much to be blamed, if you should serve his Lordship in his Kind.

L. Myr. Dost think so, Girl? I can tell you I would not wish to be heartily try'd, should my faithless Spouse leave me to gnaw the Sheets a Night or two more, and should a pretty Fellow of a Rank equal, or superior to my own, put me to it too much; for as much provoked as I am, I would not stoop, like my mean spirited Lord, to any Thing beneath me.

*My Virtue yet has all Attacks defy'd,
But should it, now I'm fir'd by Sights, be
try'd,
I shou'd be loth to lay on Virtue's Side.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A magnificent Apartment.

Enter Adonis, with Modish.

Adon. **W**ELL, *Modish*, now I am at Leisure to hear you; for tho' I was prevented to other Day by the Princesses, from whom I could not get away, from going upon that Design so soon as I intended, I have not wholly given it over, provided you can give me any Encouragement.

Mod.

Mod. The greatest in the World, Sir; and it is well your Highness did not go about it then, you would not have been so sure of Success as you will be now. I told your Highness, the Countess had turned the Maid away; I have heard since that Lord *Myntle* has lain out ever since, and it is suspected with her, at which her Ladyship is fired with Resentment to such a Degree, that it is thought by those that know her, and her Pride very well, she would hardly stick to cuckold him with the first Man that dared ask her, provided he was of a Rank not to put her Pride to the Blush for it.

Adon. Ha! sayest thou so? There is Mettle in that News, why then I am the very Man cut out, as it were on purpose, to satisfy at once her Pride and her Retedge: I'll about it without Delay, and in all Probability it will not be long before she will be here at the Queen's Levee; if not, I will find some Pretence to call upon her at home.

Mod. Success attend your Highness; but indeed I don't much question it, provided you strike while the Iron is hot.

Adon. Never fear me, my Boy; I always remember that Maxim, in Love and War all Delays are dangerous.

Mod. Well, once more Success attend your Highness; I hope next Time I wait upon you, to congratulate you upon your delicious, and glorious Conquest.

Adon.

Madam. Be it so, my Boy, I long to go about it. *Exit.*

SCENE III

A Dining-Room.

Enter Miss Anodyne and Lucy.

M. Anod. What no News yet from the Prince, no Message, *Lucy?*

Lucy. No, Madam, I suppose his Highness is in Pursuit after some fresh Game, he has been constant to you a long while, longer then ever expected, I assure you.

M. Anod. Thou art one of *Job's* Comforters, Wench; why shouldst thou think so? Hast thou any Grounds for it?

Lucy. Grounds enough in Conscience, the natural Inconstancy of his Sex: Besides, Madam, what could you hope for better?

M. Anod. Why so, Girl? why should not I think he would be true to me?

Lucy. For two Reasons, and very good ones too: First, He has enjoyed you; and Secondly, He left *Vanella* for you, why should not he leave you for another? Why should you flatter yourself with the Expectation of better Treatment than her? By all Accounts she is perfectly handsome, besides her being a very accomplished Lady every other way.

M. Anod. I am younger than she.

Lucy. Yes, and you was a greater Novelty, and by the same Reason another may be younger

younger then you, and a greater Novelty likewise; what think you of that, Madam?

M. *Anod.* It carries an ugly Face with it, *Lucy*, I don't like it; I wish I had considered it sooner, before it was too late.

Lucy. Right, Madam, but you was too young to have that Discretion; that was another Advantage of your Youth; but I hope you have played your Cards wisely, you have provided against the worst at all Adventures?

M. *Anod.* How dost mean, Wench?

Lucy. By a handsome Settlement, Madam, as *Vanella* did, before you, how should I mean?

M. *Anod.* I can't much brag of my Conduct there, *Lucy*; 'tis true his Highness has made several handsome Presents, which amount to a considerable Value, and maintains me nobly now, but I can't boast of any Settlement: However, hang Fear, I know him generous, he can't use me unhandsomely, be it as it will, and so I'll make myself easy upon that Head.

Lucy. I wish it may prove so; not that I much doubt his Highness, but he may have ill Advisers, and it is good to be sure; you would make but a scurvy Figure, to go home to your old Father, with a crack'd Pipkin, a great Belly, and no Settlement to set you above the Pity of your Country Neighbours.

M. *Anod.* Now the Deuce take thee, Wench, for putting my Father in my Head; I never think of the good old Man, his tender Love,
and

and his wholesome fatherly Advice, but it cuts me to the Heart; I wish I had not left him. [Sighs.]

Lucy. It is too late to repent now, Madam; you must e'en make the best of a bad Market. I believe your Rover has not quite left you; 'tis ten to one but you have him in your Arms once again; if so, take him just when the loving Fit is upon him, and desire a Settlement, for then he will deny you nothing.

M. Anod. You speak like an experienced one, *Lucy*; how cam'st thou to be so good a Judge in these Matters, Wench?

Lucy. Ah! Madam, there are few of us but have been caught at one Time or other; Opportunity and Imporunity is the Devil; and for my Part I shall not cast the first Stone at my Neighbours.

M. Anod. Why now I like thee the better, Wench, because thou art sincere; and I like thy Advice too, but that I am afraid I shall not be able to put it in Practice.

Lucy. Why so, Madam?

M. Anod. Why how if the loving Fit should be upon me at the same Time, 'tis certain I could deny him nothing neither.

Lucy. Why that is the Devil indeed; I know it by myself: However, you must be upon your Guard for once, and then do as you will for ever after, when you have gain'd your Point.

M. Anod.

Mr. Anon. Well fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd, I will do my best, and no Body can do more. But come, *Lucy*, it is Time to dress, it will not be above two Hours before I shall see him, if he designs to come to Day. *Exeunt.*

Marked I believe your Rover has not done in mind what you have him in

Let you ; what you have him in

your Arms ; what you have him in

when the ; what you have him in

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SCENE III

An Anti-Chamber.

Lady Myrtle Solus.

L. Myr. Why what a Thunderer in Love is my Husband, when once he gives way to indulging his unlawful Desires? What, will no less than three whole Nights and Days serve him to take his full swing in? I never took him for such a one; I always thought him a good quiet Spark of late Years; curse on his dirty Taste; I warrant he is at this very Time in close Embraces with the Slut; the very Thought of it fires my Blood, and sets it in an Uproar; or perhaps they are laughing at me, fancy me bemoaning his Absence, and are pleasing themselves to think how glad I shall be to receive him again, without farther Enquiries; no doubt on't I am a very patient *Grizzle* in my Temper, he has ever found me so till now, but shall not now. O Revenge, Revenge, Revenge! what would I give for sweet Revenge! Ha! the Prince coming this Way; this looks ominous, at least it would if he should address me; but what care I? upon second Thoughts I wish he may; he would make an admirable Instrument

strument for my Revenge ; besides, it is a Conquest would gratify my Pride at the same Time ; and I should not very much care if it were publickly known : Well, be it as it will, thank my Stars, I am now prepared for all Adventures.

Enter Adonis.

Adon. What, my Lady *Myrtle*, the brightest Star of the Court, retiring to Solitude! would I were so happy as to know the Subject of your Ladyship's Meditations.

L. Myr. Really I can't imagine how that could conduce to your Highness's Happiness; and to your Compliment, sure your Highness forgets you are talking to an old married Woman.

Adon. Madam, I do not forget I am talking to Lady *Myrtle*, one who is herself the general Envy of her own Sex, as her Husband is of ours, though on a different Account.

L. *Myr.* I can hardly perswade myself that my Lord is in the least envied by any Man; and, begging your Highness's Pardon, think myself pretty well assur'd, my small Stock of Beauty never gave the Ladies any reason to take Umbrage at it. I am sure [*sighing*] my Lord is of the same Opinion.

Adon. Your Modesty and Humility, Madam, induce you to say this; but if your Lord were really of the same Opinion, I am sure all Mankind will agree with me, he is unworthy

worthy to be the Possessor of so bright a Gem, as your Ladyship.

L. Myr. Your Highness would make me vain by these Praises, did not both my Glass, and my Husband convince me how little I deserve them.

Adon. Again your Husband, Madam ! this Repetition would tempt me to think he slighted you, did not my Reason tell me such a Thing is impossible. Impossible as it is, I wish it true.

L. Myr. Why should your Highness be so much my Enemy ?

Adon. Because I should hope to be more your Friend.

L. Myr. You talk in Riddles, my Lord, pray explain yourself ?

Adon. Very easily, Madam ; should your Lord slight you, as we have none about Court to be compared to you for Beauty, it must be for one greatly your Inferior ; and then I should hope your Pride would instigate you to be revenged in his Kind ; and sure I am you never could meet with one more willing to assist you in that Design than myself.

L. Myr. By all my Hopes, he kindles to my Wish. [*Aside.*] But, my Lord, that would be being worse revenged on myself ; besides, could your Highness like to be used only as an Instrument of Revenge ?

Adon. Rather then not enjoy you, Madam, I would consent to any Terms ; not but I had
had

had rather be receiv'd as a Lover ; for, Heaven knows, I have long in secret lov'd you.

L. Myr. How came it then, my Lord, I was no sooner acquainted with it ? Your Highness is so inured to Success, that I do not take you to be very faint-hearted.

Adon. Shall I tell you the Truth, Madam ; a Language little known at C——.

L. Myr. By all Means, my Lord.——What will this come to ; 'tis certain he has laid hold on the critical Minute, and if he presses I am undone. [*Aside.*]

Adon. Your Eyes then, Madam, have always been arm'd with so much Haughtiness, that as much used as you are pleased to say I am to Success, they have struck me dumb, and I durst not breathe my Wishes ; but meeting your Ladyship now, methought I saw a certain Languor that seemed favourable, and the Discourse that followed emboldened me to speak ; pray Heaven I seized on the lucky Minute.

L. Myr. Pray Heaven he has not. [*Aside, sighing.*]

Adon. Ha ! what means that Sigh ? that Blush too ? speak, my Fairest, shall I be happy ? speak, pronounce my Doom, and in one Word say I am blest or miserable. [*Kneels.*]

L. Myr. Rise, rise, my Lord, that Posture becomes not you ; for Heaven's sake consider where you are.

Adon. Say then you hate me not, and I will rise.

L. *Myr.* Alas! my Lord, I ne'er did hate your Highness.

Adon. Yet add another Boon, and say you love me.

L. *Myr.* My Lord, to love your Highness is my Duty.

Adon. Pish! I mean not such Love.

L. *Myr.* What would you then, my Lord? Too well I know, but must not seem to understand as yet. [*Aside.*]

Adon. Cannot you guess, my Lady? Sure you can; look in my wishing Eyes, and they will tell you.

L. *Myr.* I have no Skill i'th' Eyes; I thought that once I had, and then I was deceived.

Adon. Then feel my throbbing Heart, and let that tell you.

L. *Myr.* Mine too beats the same Tune. [*Aside.*] What will it tell me?

Adon. 'Twill tell I love, and languish to enjoy.

L. *Myr.* Think who I am, my Lord, can I grant that? Would it were lawful! for I am sure I am willing. [*Aside.*]

Adon. It must, shall be lawful, my ecstatic Charmer; nor will we part, till I've your full Consent.

L. *Myr.* Impossible, my Lord! think where we are, and what Eyes are upon us; should my Spouse hear of what already's past, what would become of me?

Adon.

Adon. Give your Consent, and I'll remove all Obstacles ; nor will I be an Hour without Enjoyment.

L. Myr. Which way, my Lord ?——I'll on, come what will of it, and teach my faithless Spouse again to flight me. [*Aside.*]

Adon. Those Stairs will lead, my Love, to my Apartment ; a Way reserv'd but for my self alone ; this Key, your Passport, opens every Door. In half an Hour all Eyes shall be remov'd, and I alone will wait there to receive you, say but you'll come.

L. Myr. But will you not despise me if I do, and throw me by, when us'd, as cheaply purchas'd ?

Adon. Impossible ! where can I mend my self ? look round the Court if ought can vie with you.

L. Myr. I'll try for once, though much I dread the Event.

Adon. [*Seizing her in his Arms, and kissing her eagerly.*] Let's kiss away all Fears, and think of nought but Love.

L. Myr. Yes, let's think where we are, and part at present.

Adon. But soon to meet again, and so farewell, my Love.

L. Myr. Be it so ; farewell, my Lord.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

A Room in the Prince's Apartment.

Enter Lord Flatter and Modish.

L. Flat. Orders are given for clearing his Highness's Apartment, and no one whatsoever to be admitted till call'd for; what can this mean, *Modish*, and at this Hour?

Mod. What should it mean, but some Petticoat Plot? pray Heaven it prove but what I wish it, then I shall be sweetly reveng'd on a proud, haughty Beauty, and an insulting Lord, who wants to jostle me out of my Employment.

L. Flat. Who, in the Name of Wonder, Lord and Lady *Myrtle*?

Mod. I hope so; but hush! no Whispers yet till we know farther, and have better Grounds for our Suspicions.

L. Flat. Egad she's a glorious Girl, I should envy his Highness.

Mod. So should I too; but that there's Hopes after his Turn is serv'd (as serv'd it will be soon, or I'm mistaken) we may succeed.

L. Flat. Right, *Modish*; Egad thou art a *Machiavel* at these Things.

Mod. O, my Lord, I know my Business, no Man better.

L. Flat. I wish, however, it may happen according to your Expectations now; I fear it much, the Lady's very haughty.

Mod.

Mod. Be it as it will, we are but where we were ; but we must clear the Rooms, and keep our Distance. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

A magnificent Bed-Chamber, the Bed in an Alcove.

Adonis solus, in a rich Night-Gown.

Now for my charming Countess ; the Coast is clear, and this is much about the Time appointed ; pray Heaven her Heart do not fail her. But why should I fear that ? Is she not prompted by Revenge, the strongest of all Passions ? Yes, she is, and she'll as surely come. O dear Revenge, how much am I indebted to thee, for a Bliss, I ne'er should else obtain ! so much, in female Breasts, art thou stronger than Virtue, Honour, or than Love. But hark ! I hear a Key within the Door, it must be her, no other has that Key ; I will retire a Moment to surprize her the more agreeably. *[Retires within the Scenes.]*

Lady Myrtle entering.

So far I have got unseen, and unobserv'd ; pray Heaven all here's as safe ; all's hush, but where's the Prince ? he ought to have been here first ; this Negligence but ill becomes his Love : There is the Altar *[pointing to the Bed]* on which I am to be sacrificed, and I think the nearer the Time approaches the better. I'm prepar'd. But where's the Priest ?
'twould

'twould vex me to be disappointed, now I have gone so far; perhaps he's hinder'd by some unforeseen Accident, and only waits till every thing is safe; it must be so, for he is noble, and now, my Lord, I shall be full revenged—Learn now again to slight me, and dread my Vengeance—Hush! who comes here?

Re-enter Adonis, and flies into her Arms.

Adon. Didst thou not think me negligent, my Charmer? I know thou didst, but much thou wrongst my Love, already had I been here a long half Hour, and but withdrew as thou cam'st to the Door to see how thoud'st behave.

L. Myr. I did indeed, my Lord, begin to chide you; I am not us'd to make such Advances to every one; I own I knew not what to think, but now I am satisfy'd.

Adon. You shall, if possible, before we part.

L. Myr. I hope I shall, my Lord, I wou'd not loose my Labour [*smiling on him.*]

Adon. [*Seizing her in his Arms, and kissing her eagerly.*] By this, and this, and this, thou shalt not; come, undress, let's loose no Time, my Fairest, such Moments are precious.

L. Myr. Then let us make the most of them, my Lord; I threw all Coyness off when I enter'd this Room, and now am full prepar'd to meet your fiercest Ardours—Aye, and to answer them too, or else my
Revenge

Revenge were imperfect. *[Aside.]*

Adon. Come then, my Charmer, into this Alcove,

An Altar, tho' scarce worthy of thy Love,
Will make me happy as the Blest above.

[They go within the Alcove, and the Scene shuts.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Bagnio.

Enter Lord Myrtle, and Alicia.

L. Myr. , **T**IS Time, *Alicia*, now we think of parting; already has my Absence rais'd at Home, a Storm that will not easily be laid. I have been too imprudent in my Love, and you yourself ought to have chid me from you.

Alic. I chide from me the Lord of all my Wishes! Ah! would your Lordship stay till I did so, we never more should part.

L. Myr. I dare believe thee, Dearest; yet we must part, but soon shall meet again.

Alic. Let it be very soon then, my dear Lord, for while you are gone, each Hour will seem an Age: Consider too you leave me Friendless here; for I've, alas! no Friend on Earth but you. *[weeping.]*

L. Myr. Dry up thy Tears, my Sweet, nor shalt thou need; Orders I'll leave that thou want nothing here, and private Lodgings soon

F

shall

shall be provided, where we may safely meet, and unobserv'd; mean Time be chearful, Love, no Harm shall happen to thee.

Alic. Thank you, my generous Lord, I question not your Goodness; but Oh! I dread my Lady, should she ever find me out.

L. Myr. What if she should, Suspicion is no Proof, and thou'rt not quite so weak as to confess.

Alic. My Tongue indeed, my Lord, shall tell no Tales, but O! I fear my Blushes will: Besides, the People of this House know all, how shall I look at them?

L. Myr. Fear not, my Love, they're bound to Secresy, they are well paid for it, and they dare not tattle. Thou wilt find they'll treat thee here with great Respect; so dispel all thy Fears.

Alic. I'll do my best, my Lord, but don't be absent long.

L. Myr. In Prudence, Love, I must not come too soon; 'twould make an open Rupture with my Wife; and that we must avoid in Decency; thou wouldst not sure desire it.

Alic. Not I, my Lord, Heaven knows; your Will to me shall ever be a Law: Let me but have your Love, and I'm contented.

L. Myr. Sweet Innocence! 'twere barbarous to leave her; I've got a fine Incumbrance on my Hands; would I had ne'er seduc'd her; but it is now too late, and I must on. [*Afide.*] Doubt not, my Love, my Dearest, I think I have given thee sufficient Proofs of it, have I not Sweet?

Alic.

Alic. Nay, now you are naught, my Lord,
and make me blush.

L. Myr. What shouldst thou blush for, Child,
we've done no Harm.

Ali. I know not that, my Lord, I fear
the worst.

L. Myr. Pish! hang Fear; it comes, they
say, with a Fright; but did I say too much
Sweet? if I did, I'll use more Moderation
next time.

Ali. Go, my Lord, now you are naught
again, and I won't answer you.

L. Myr. Ha, ha, ha, I thought, indeed, you
would not care to be flinted. But I must go
now, Dearest, so farewell.

Ali. What! not one Kiss at Parting?

L. Myr. Gad, my Dear, thou art in the
right of it, I had forgot, but come into the
next Room, and all shall be mended, I war-
rant thee. *[Taking her in his Arms.]*

Alic. Pish! I did not mean so.

L. Myr. I'm afraid you sib, Child—But
come along. *[Pulling her.]*

Alic. Well, since it must be so, to oblige
you, my Lord—

L. Myr. Aye, and your self too, Child, or
I am much mistaken. *[Exit.]*

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*A Bed Chamber.**Enter Adonis, and Lady Myrtle.*

Adon. Well, my bright Charmer, do you now repent, that you have made me the most blest of Mortals?

L. Myr. I don't, nor, whilst your Highness loves, I shall not; but if you shou'd prove false, I shou'd have Reason.

Adon. False! and to you, my Lady, it is impossible!

L. Myr. I am glad your Highness thinks so; think so still; and whilst you do, I ne'er shall prove ungrateful.

Adon. 'Tis kindly said, my Charmer: But why didst rise so soon? we might, methinks, have lain a little longer; we cannot always have such happy Moments.

L. Myr. Do you but love, and leave the rest to me; we'll find more Opportunities than now, provided you desire them; mean while be silent, and be true.

Adon. 'Twere Sacrilege to doubt it; but say, my Fair, and frankly speak the Truth; to what am I indebted for this unexpected Happiness?

L. Myr. Why that strange Question now, my Lord? what shou'd it be but Love?

Adon. Wou'd that were all, my Lady, but be generous, was nothing else more prevalent than Love?

L. Myr.

L. Myr. Your Highness ought to be a pretty good Judge in these Matters: Met I not your fiercest Ardours with equal Fire?

Adon. 'Tis own'd you did, and the Remembrance charms me; but still, my Fair, there hangs a Doubt behind—Had not Revenge some Share in my being blest? Had I been happy, had your Lord been true?

L. Myr. Ha! who could tell your Highness of his Falshood? You have excellent Intelligence.

Adon. I have, my Fair, or I had ne'er enjoy'd you; had not your Pride been stung by his Lordship's Flights, I must have sigh'd in vain.

L. Myr. Since vain 'tis to deny it, I own you're right; whilst my false Lord was constant, I was true.

Adon. I own I had much Joy, yet I could wish, I'd been oblig'd to Love for such a Favour.

L. Myr. Tho' 'twas Revenge first made me yield my Person; and I'd have dy'd, e'er I'd have wrong'd my Husband, whilst he kept true to me; yet when I gave my self up to your Arms, I gave my Love that Instant with my self.

Adon. Then, to convince me that I am beloved, and do not owe my Bliss but to Revenge, grant me again those Joys I have possessed.

L. Myr. I will, my Lord, with Joy, if that will please you, tho' my dull Monster should get home before me.

Adon.

Adon. Thy noble Spirit charms me yet more ; by Heaven that Wretch, who, leaving thee, could surfeit on a Dowdy, deserves thee not : Come to my Arms, my Fair, I better know thy Value, and shall not prize thee so slightly : Let's in to the Alcove, and there repeat those Joys which you alone can give.

L. Myr. All that I can bestow, you shall receive. *[They go in, Scene shuts.]*

S C E N E III.

A Dining-Room.

Enter Miss Anodyne, and Lucy.

M. Anod. What no News yet, *Lucy*? No No Message, not so much as a Howd'ye?

Lucy. No Madam.

M. Anod. 'Tis something strange, methinks, my Mind misgives me plaguily ; I wish I had play'd my Cards better, while it was in my Power ; but 'tis too late to think of that now, the Case is what Course I must take at present, if I should be quite left : What would you advise me to, *Lucy*?

Lucy. Faith, Madam, I can't tell, unless you return Home to your Father, and ask Forgiveness.

M. Anod. I'll die first, *Lucy* ; I can never face him again ; I'd sooner take up with Lord Flatter, who I am sure loves me, though he has never ventured to tell me so, for Fear I should acquaint his Highness with it.

Lucy.

Lucy. Faith, Madam, if you could get him to make you a handsome Settlement, you could not do better.

M. Anod. I'll first know absolutely what I have to trust to, by writing to my Rover; and if he entirely discards me, I'll give the other some Encouragement.

Lucy. Prudently resolv'd, Madam; it is better than whining and pining.

M. Anod. Aye, a thousand Times; I find I shan't break my Heart about it, come what will.

Lucy. There is nothing like it, Madam, *Probatum est.*

M. Anod. Good Wits jump they say, *Lucy*; but come, I'll in and write, and try my Fortune. *[Exit, with Lucy.]*

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in Lord Myrtle's House.

Enter Lady Myrtle, and Charlot.

L. Myr. So, *Charlot*; what no News yet of my Lord?

Char. None, that I have heard, Madam.

L. Myr. No Matter now, I care not, tho' the Wretch stay till Doom's-Day.

Char. Heyday! my Lady easy on a sudden! sure she has met some good Comforter abroad. *[Aside.]* I am glad, Madam, your Ladyship takes it so well; indeed I don't think it worth your vexing about.

L. Myr.

L. Myr. Nor I neither; go get my Things in Order, I will undress.

Char. Yes, Madam. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E V.

Enter Vanella, supported by Fidelia.

Van. Enough, good *Fidelia*, let me sit down here; indeed, my Friend, I grow each Day more faint, and fear I shall not hold it out much longer.

Fid. Good Madam be comforted, and you may yet recover, and live full long and happy.

Van. Talk not of Life, or Happiness to me, I have no Hopes of either, nor do desire it; were all at Peace within, I should with Joy resign my Share of this vain World.

Fid. Alas! my Friend, indulge not these sad Thoughts, they do but feed your Melancholy, and prey upon you.

Van. Would I had never indulged others! it had been better for me: Dearly, alas! I now pay those short-liv'd Pleasures I formerly enjoyed, and now despise; Death sets them all in a true Light before me, and I think on them now but to repent them: Heaven is merciful, and will, I hope, accept of my Repentance; 'tis all I have to give, for a Youth spent in Vanity.

Fid. Doubt it not, Madam, Heaven's Mercy's infinite.

Van. But we must not presume too far upon it; I have been a great Offender, and greatly

greatly I have suffered for it. The Author of my Fall, has been my Scourge; forgive it Heaven, I do; he too must die, I hope ere then he'll learn to think as I do; perhaps remember me. [*Weeps bitterly.*] I can no more. [*Swoons away in Fidella's Arms.*]

Fid. Who waits there, help, the swoons; Heaven comfort her. [*Enter Servants.*] Remove your Lady into another Room, there is more Air, and run one and fetch some Water, and a Smelling-Bottle. [*Exit with Van.*]

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in Lord Myrtle's House.

Lady Myrtle sola.

Well, I have given my Spark a Flea in his Ear; I have left him a Bone to pick; how sleepish the Monster look'd! This is Revenge indeed, to be even with him his own Way, and yet keep his Nose to the Grind-stone.

Enter to her Lord Myrtle.

Ld. Myr. Madam, tho' I perhaps may be to blame, for trespassing too far lately upon your Ladyship's Patience, yet give me leave to say, your uncommon Manner of receiving me, with some Words you let fall on that Occasion, require a little Explanation.

L. Myr. I'm sorry for that, my Lord, I did not design it; I intended they should be easily understood; I thought I spoke pretty plain.

G

Ld. Myr.

Ld. *Myr.* Perhaps too plain, Madam, in some Respects, but let that pass, I gave the Provocation.

L. *Myr.* 'Tis very good of you, indeed my Lord; but you need make no Apology; I shall never trouble my self for the future, either about thee, or thy Actions; thou may'st therefore take thy Freedom; because I despise thee, and I will take mine, because I think in violating my Bed thou hast renounced all Authority over me. Wherefore choose which you will, either to be exposed by forcing me to sue for a Maintenance, suitable to my Rank, in a Court of Justice, or to leave me at Home sole Mistress of my Words and Actions, but a Stranger to thy Bed, without making our Quarrels publick, and exposing our selves to our Servants. [*Exit in a Rage.*]

L. *Myr.* By Heaven, she has struck me dumb; I am quite confounded! She has Reason on her Side; I have no Means left but to submit, and give her her own Way until she cools. I wish it is not gone too far already; she seems deliberately resolute in her Resentment; I must e'en make my Peace upon her own Terms; I shou'd be loth to be exposed; so, Wife, you've got the better.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VII

A Bed Chamber.

*Vanella in Bed, with a Letter in her Hand,
Servants attending in Tears, and Fidelia;
Fidelia comes forward, weeping.*

Fid. Poor lost *Vanella*! most unhappy Fair!
full dearly wilt thou pay one fatal Slip, with
Forfeit of thy Life; the dire Effects, alas! of
guilty Love! That fatal Letter gave her her
Death's Wound: Wou'd I had known the
curst Contents before, she never should have
seen it, at least; not till her Health had been
restor'd, and she had been prepar'd for such a
Stroke. Whilst great *Adonis* only was en-
gaged; in the Pursuit of an unlawful Passion,
she still had Hopes he might return to her;
but this his Marriage quite kill'd Hope it self;
she cou'd not bear the Shock, to think that
she must never more approach him, she loves
too well, and she sunk under it. She now is
almost gone to pay that Debt, we all must
one Day pay! Heaven send her Peace here-
after, she has known little here. But see, she
stirs! How do you, Madam? [*Going up to her.*

Van. I hope, dear Friend, I quickly shall
be well, and all my Sorrows soon will be
o'er-past; I feel Life ebb apace, and, thank
all gracious Heaven, am reconcil'd to Death,
and freely can resign myself to Providence.
Mourn not my Loss, my Friend, for Death,
to me, is but an End of Pain: I grieve not
now

now at the approaching Nuptials, nor do I
 aught lament but my lost Innocence, and that,
 I hope, Heaven's Mercy has forgiven: I trust
 I go to Happiness; had I liv'd longer here, I
 should but have liv'd longer miserable; than
 who'd desire Life on such hard Terms? Weep
 not, *Fidelia*, I deserve no Tears; but thou'rt
 my Friend, and o'er-look't all my Failings, I
 trust Heaven does so too: I feel Death very
 busy at my Heart, but it is welcome. Draw
 nearer, Friend, give me one last Embrace, and
 then farewell, for ever.

The dreadful Conflict now is almost o'er,

In a few Minutes, I shall be no more;

*One parting Kiss, my faithful Friend, and
 then*

I go where I shall meet no perjur'd Men.

[Dies.]

Fid. There broke her Heart, and she is
 gone for ever; Heaven rest her Soul, she had
 but little here. **AP 54**

FINIS.